FIZGIG.

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THE

FRIBBLERIAD.

Fæmina, Vir, Neutrum.

PUL. in HERMOPH.

said to be written by Mr Garrick.

LONDON:

Printed for J. COOTE, at the King's-Arms, in Pater-Noster-Row.

MDCCXLI.

[Price One Shilling.]

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ADVERTISEMENT.

BE it known unto you, gentle or ungentle reader, that the author of the following poem is a volunteer in the ſervice, or rather a poetical knight errant, who, according to the oath taken at the late inſtallation, is *exhorted and admoniſhed* (by *Apollo* to be ſure) *to uſe his ſword in defence of all equity and juſtice to the utmoſt of his power.* His brother *Quixote*, of immortal memory, try'd his proweſs upon Sheep and Windmills — Our champion does very near the ſame; and calls forth to the field an *unknown* knight, who has the formidable X, Y, Z, in his train. — And that he may not be thought to engage with too great odds on his ſide, he oppoſes to them his own *three truſty ſquires*, A, B, C, who are reſolved to ſtand by

him, and fight all the weapons through, from Epic Poetry to Epigram, as long as there is a letter left ſtanding in the *Engliſh* alphabet — and now, Mr. *Churchill* may know, that there is

— A *Quixote* of the age will dare,
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air.

When the aforeſaid *unknown* knight ſhall pleaſe to appear with his *beaver up*, he may expect that our adventurer will ſhew *his face* too. — In the mean time, we will divert him in our turn with a little *buſh*-fighting, which he has been endeavouring to entertain the town with, for more than a twelvemonth paſt.

It is therefore proper to inform thee, reader, for as yet perhaps thou haſt not heard of it, that there is a certain weekly paper, called the *Craftſman* ſtill exiſting, if it may be call'd exiſtence to crawl about from week to week, and be kept alive by thoſe laſt reſources of hungry ingenuity, falſehood and defamation. In this ſaid paper a *certain gentleman* who ſubſcribes himſelf

* Mr Fitzpatrick.

X, Y, Z,

X, Y, Z, a volunteer too in the ſervice, has thrown about his dirt in a moſt extraordinary manner, and has attacked our ſtage hero, with unwearied malevolence both in his public and private character; but indeed his rancour being too much for his wit, he has let his heart indulge itſelf at the expence of his head, and has moſt imprudently made aſſertions in the bitterneſs of his ſpirit, which can be contradicted by ev'ry attender upon the theatre. — It would be endleſs and out of place here to point out his want of taſte, and even common truth, in his account of the manner of Mr. *Garrick*'s ſpeaking and acting in his various characters; of his moſt ungentlemanlike, as well as unjuſt abuſe of his perſon, voice, age, &c, &c, &c; for there is no kind of meanneſs, as *Montaigne* well obſerves, that a true malignant ſpirit will not deſcend to. — To give one inſtance among a thouſand of his upright intentions — This worthy gentleman, Mr. X, Y, Z, not content with expoſing his impotent malice weekly to the publick, was at the pains and expence to collect his papers into one volume, and ev'n ſend 'em to ſome of Mr. *Garrick*'s Friends, leaſt

the

the obſcurity and diſreputation of the paper, in which they firſt made their appearance, ſhould have kept his malice totally a ſecret — The *Reviewers* gave their ſentiments of this curious collection, in the following manner —

"Theſe are the overflowings of ſpleen, ignorance, conceit, and diſappointment." *Crit. Rev. Jan.* 1761.

"The deſign of publiſhing theſe *important* pieces of criticiſm, is, to prevent the *ſad misfortune* of their ſinking into oblivion with a laſt year's news-paper. If we believe the author, all the praiſes that have hitherto been given to Mr. *Garrick*, as an actor, are ſo entirely without foundation, that "he never did, "nor never could, ſpeak ten ſucceſſive lines of "*Shakeſpear* with grammatical propriety." This is an aſſertion ſo contrary to the opinion of many better critics than this author ſhews himſelf to be, and in reality ſo oppoſite to truth, that it is alone ſufficient to invalidate all his reaſonings upon the ſubject." *Monthly Rev. Dec.* 1760.

It

It would take up too much time at preſent to exhibit our hero X, Y, Z, in all his proper colours, we ſhall leave that taſk to a much abler hand, who will very ſoon more fully detect and expoſe him and his deſigns. — But to return to our poem —

If may properly be called an *Iliad* in a *nutſhell*; For though it does not conſiſt of many more than 400 lines, it contains all the eſſential epic properties, — the plan, ſentiments, character, diction, moral, metre, and even the heroes themſelves, all in miniature. —

The following epigram printed in the Ledger, was the corner-ſtone of the whole, and furniſhed us with ideas of the redoubted *Fizgig*, the *Achilles* of the *Fribbleriad* —

To X, Y, Z.

Indeed moſt ſeverely poor *Garrick* you handle,
Not bigots damn more with their bell, book and candle;
Tho'

Tho' you with the town about him diſagree,
He joins with the town in their judgment of thee:
So dainty, ſo dev'liſh, is all that you ſcribble,
Not a ſoul but can ſee 'tis the ſpite of a *Fribble*;
And all will expect you, when forth you ſhall come,
With a *round ſmirking face*, and a *jut with your bum*.

If X, Y, Z, is really ſuch a thing, as here repreſented, he is moſt welcome to the honour we have done him; if he is *not*, he may thank his own malignant diſpoſition, that made it natural to ſuppoſe, that ſuch poor ſpite could proceed from no one, who was not in his perſon, manners, mind and heart an arrant

FRIBBLE.

FRIBBLERIAD.

WHO is this Scribbler, X, Y, Z?
Who ſtill writes on, tho' little read?
Whoſe falſhood, malice, envy, ſpite,
So often grin, yet ſeldom bite?
Say, *Garrick*, does he write for bread,
This *friend* of yours, this X, Y, Z?
For pleaſure ſure, not bread,—'twere vain
To write for that he ne'er could gain:
No calls of nature to excuſe him,
He deals in rancour to amuſe him;

A *Man* it ſeems—'tis hard to ſay —
A *Woman* then? —a moment pray —
Unknown as yet by ſex or feature,
Suppoſe we try to gueſs the creature;
Whether a *wit*, or a *pretender*?
Of *maſculine* or *female* gender?

Some things it does may paſs for either,
And ſome it does belong to neither:
It is ſo fibbing, ſlandering, ſpiteful,
In phraſe ſo dainty, ſo delightful;
So fond of all it reads and writes,
So waggiſh when the maggot bites:
Such ſpleen, ſuch wickedneſs, and whim,
It muſt be *Woman*, and a *Brim*.
But then the learning and the Latin!
The ends of *Horace* come ſo pat in,
And wanting wit, it makes ſuch ſhift,
To fill up gaps with *Pope*, and *Swift*,
As cunning houſewives bait their traps,
And take their game with bits and ſcraps;

For

For playhouſe critics, keen as mice,
Are ever greedy, never nice;
And rank abuſe, like toaſted cheeſe,
Will catch as many as you pleaſe.
In ſhort 'tis eaſily diſcerning,
By here and there a patch of learning,
The creature's *Male* — ſay all we can,
It muſt be ſomething *like* a man —
What, like a man, from day to ſhrink,
And ſeek revenge with pen and ink?
On miſchief bent, his name conceal,
And like a toad in ſecret ſteal,
There ſwell with venom inward pent
Till out he crawls to give it vent.
Hate join'd with *Fear* will ſhun the light,
But *Hate* and *Manhood* fairly fight —
'Tis manhood's mark to face the foe,
And not in ambuſh give the blow;
The Savage thus, leſs man than beaſt,
Upon his foe will fall and feaſt,
From buſh, or hole, his arrows ſend,
To wound his prey, then tear and rend;

For fear and hatred in conjunction,
Make wretches that feel no compunction.

With colours flying, beat of drum,
Unlike to this, ſee *Churchill* come!
And now like *Hercules* he ſtands,
Unmaſk'd his face, but arm'd his hands;
Alike prepar'd to *write* or *drub!*
This holds a *Pen*, and that a *Club!*
A Club! which nerves like his can wield,
And form'd, a wit, like his, to ſhield.
Mine is the *Roſciad*, mine, he cries;
Who ſays 'tis not, I ſay, he lies.
To falſhood and to fear a ſtranger,
Not one ſhall ſhare my fame or danger;
Let thoſe who write with fear or ſhame,
Thoſe *Craftſmen*, ſcribblers hide their name!
My name is *Churchill!*—Thus he ſpoke,
And thrice he wav'd his knotted oak:
That done, he paus'd—prepar'd the blow,
Impartial bard! for friend and foe.

If

If ſuch are manhood's feats and plan
Poor X, Y, Z, will prove no *man*.
Nor male? nor female? — then on oath
We ſafely may pronounce it *Both*.

What! of that wriggling, fribbling race,
The curſe of nature, and diſgrace?
That mixture baſe, which fiends ſent forth
To taint and vilify all worth —
Whoſe rancour knows nor bounds, nor meaſure,
Feels every paſſion, taſtes no pleaſure;
The want of power, all peace deſtroying,
For ever wiſhing, ne'er enjoying —
So ſmiling, ſmirking, ſoft in feature,
You'd ſwear it was the gentleſt creature —
But touch its pride, the *Lady-fellow*,
From ſickly pale, turns deadly yellow —
Male, *female*, vaniſh, — fiends appear —
And all is malice, rage and fear —

What in the heart breeds all this evil?
Makes man on earth a very devil?

Corrupts

Corrupts the mind, and tortures ſenſe?
Malignity with *Impotence*.

Say Goſſip Muſe, who lov'ſt to prattle
And fill the town with tittle tattle—
To tell a ſecret ſuch a bliſs is!
Say for what cauſe theſe Maſter-Miſſes
To *Garrick* ſuch a hatred bore,
That long they wiſh'd to pinch him ſore;
To bind the monſter hand and foot,
Like *Gulliver* in *Lilliput*,
With birchen twigs to flea his ſkin,
And each to ſtick him with a pin?—
Are things ſo delicate, ſo fell!
Can Cherubim be imps of hell?
Tell us how ſpite a ſcheme begot,
Who laid the eggs, who hatch'd the plot:
O ſing in namby-pamby feet,—
Like to the ſubject, tripping neat;
Snatch every grace that fancy reaches;
Relate their paſſions, plottings, ſpeeches;

You,

You, when their PANFRIBBLERIUM ſat,
Saw 'em conven'd, and heard their chat:
Saw all their wriggling, fuming, fretting,
Their nodding, friſking, and curvetting;
Each minute ſaw their rage grow ſtronger,
Till the dear things could hold no longer;
But out burſt forth the dreadful vow,
TO DO A DEED!—*but When?* and *How?*
And *Where?*—O Muſe, thy lyre new-ſtring,
The *How*, the *When*, the *Where* to ſing!
Say in what ſign the ſun had enter'd,
When theſe ſweet ſouls on plotting ventur'd—
'Twas when the balmy breath of May,
Makes tender lambkins ſport and play;
When tend'rer Fribbles walk, and dare
To gather noſegays in the air—;
'Twas at that time of all the year
When flowers and butterflies appear,
When brooding warmth on nature lies,
And circulates the blood of flies,—
Then Fribbles were with Fribbles leaguing,
And met for plotting and intriguing.

There

There is a place, upon a hill,
Where cits of pleaſure take their fill,
Where hautboys ſcream, and fiddles ſqueak,
To ſweat the *ditto* once a week;
Where joy of late, unmix'd with noiſe,
Of romping girls, and drunken boys;
Where *Decency*, ſweet maid, appear'd,
And in her hand brought *Johnny Beard*;
'Twas *Here* — (for public rooms are free,)
They met to plot, and drink their tea.
Each on a ſattin ſtool was ſeated,
Which nicely quilted, curtain'd, pleated,
Did all their various ſkill diſplay:
Each work'd his own to grace the day —
Above the reſt, and ſet apart,
A Chair was plac'd; where curious art
With lace and fringe to honour meant
Him, they ſhould chuſe their *Preſident*.

No longer now the kettle ſimmers,
The ſmoke aſcends, or cotton glimmers;

The

The tea was done, the cups revers'd;
Lord TRIP began — "May I be curs'd:
"May this right hand grow brown and ſpeckled,
"This noſe be pimpled, face be freckled,
"May my ſick monkey ne'er get up;
"May my ſweet *Dido* die in pup,
"Nay may I meet a worſe diſaſter,
"My finger cut, and have no plaiſter, —
"No cordial drops when dead with vapour,
"Be taken ſhort and have no paper —
"If I don't feel your wrongs and ſhame,
"With ſuch a zeal for FRIBBLE fame, —
"So much my heart for vengeance thumps
"You ſee it raging thro' my jumps" —
Then opening wide his milk-white veſt,
They ſaw it flutt'ring in it's neſt.
Some felt his heart, and ſome propoſe
Their drops — his lordſhip to compoſe —
The perturbation all agree,
Was partly fidgets, partly tea.
While ſome the drops, ſome water get,
Sir COCK-A-DOODLE, Baronet,

Aroſe — " Let not this accident
" The buſineſs of the day prevent!
" That Lord's my friend, my near relation,
" But what's one lord to all our nation?
" Friendſhip to patriot eyes looks ſmall,
" And COCK-A-DOODLE feels for all.
" Shall one, tho' great, engroſs your care,
" While ſtill unhonour'd ſtands that Chair?
" Might I preſume to name a *Creter*,
" Form'd for the place by art and *nater*;
" I would a dainty wit propoſe
" To ſerve our friends, deſtroy our foes:
" To fill the *Chair* ſo nicely fit,
" His pride and paſſion match his wit;
" His wit has ſo much power and might,
" It yields to nothing but his ſpite —
" For wit may have its ebbs and flows,
" But malice no abatement knows."
Propoſe! they cry'd, we truſt in you —
Name him, Sir COCK-A-DOODLE — do —
" Would you have one can joke and ſcribble?
" Whoſe heart and very ſoul is FRIBBLE —

" Would

" Would you have one can ſmile, be civil,
" Yet all within a very devil—
" Lay pretty ſchemes—like cobwebs ſpin 'em,
" To catch your hated foe within 'em—
" Let him a thouſand times break thro' 'em
" Th' *ingenious creter* ſhall renew 'em—
" If miſchief is your wiſh and plan—
" Let *Fizgig, Fizgig, be the man!
" What ſay you?—Brethren!—ſhall it be?
" Has he your voice?"—All cry'd—*ouy, ouy.*
At which, one larger than the reſt
With viſage ſleek, and ſwelling cheſt,
With ſtretch'd out fingers, and a thumb
Stuck to his hips, and jutting bum,
Roſe up!—All knew his ſmirking air,—
They clap'd, and cry'd—the *chair*, the *chair!*
He ſmil'd—and to the honour'd ſeat,
Padled away with mincing feet:

So have I ſeen on dove houſe top
With cock'd up tail, and ſwelling crop,

* Some ſay Fitzgig—The Reader may take his Choice.

A pouting pigeon wadling run,
Shuffling, wriggling, noddling on.

Some minutes paſs'd in forms and greeting,
PHIL. WHIFFLE op'd the cauſe of meeting. —

" In forty-eight — I well remember —
" Twelve years or more — the month November —
" May we no more ſuch miſery know!
" Since *Garrick* made OUR SEX a ſhew;
" And gave us up to ſuch rude laughter,
" That few, 'twas ſaid, could hold their water:
" For He, that play'r, ſo mock'd our motions,
" Our dreſs, amuſements, fancies, notions,
" So liſp'd our words and minc'd our ſteps,
" He made us paſs for *demi-reps*.
" Tho' wiſely then we laugh'd it off,
" We'll now return his wicked ſcoff.
" Genteel revenge is ever ſlow,
" The dear *Italians* poyſon ſo. —
" But how attack him? far, or near?
" In front, my friends, or in the rear?"

All

All ſtarted up at once to ſpeak,
As if they felt ſome ſudden tweak:
"'Twas quick reſentment caus'd the ſmart,
And pierc'd them in the tendereſt part.
For theſe dear ſouls are like a ſpinnet,
Which has both ſharp and ſweet within it:
Preſs but the keys, up ſtart the quills;
And thus perk'd up theſe *Jack-my-Gills*.
Each touching, bruſhing as they roſe,
Together ruſtled all their cloaths.
Thus, when, all huſh'd, at *Handel*'s air,
Sit, book in hand, the Britiſh fair,
A ſudden whiz the ear receives,
When ruſtling, buſtling, turn the leaves.

In all the dignity of form,
The Chairman roſe to huſh the ſtorm;
To order call'd, and try'd to frown,—
As all got up, ſo all ſat down;—
Sir DIDDLE then he thus addreſs'd,—
"'Tis *yours* to ſpeak, be mute the reſt."

When

When thus the knight—" Can I diſſemble?
" Conceal my rage, while thus I tremble?
" O FIZGIG!—'tis that *Garrick*'s name,
" Now ſtops my voice and ſhakes my frame—
" His pangs would pleaſe—his death—Oh lud!
" *Blood*, Mr. FIZGIG, *Blood*, *Blood*, *Blood!*"
The thought, too mighty for his mind,
O'ercame his pow'rs—He ſtar'd—grew blind—
Cold ſweat his faded cheek o'erſpread,
Like dew upon the lilly's head;
He ſqueak'd and ſigh'd—no more could ſay,
But Blood,—Bloo.—Blo—and dy'd away.
Thus when in war a hero ſwoons,
With loſs of blood, or fear of wounds,
They bear him off—and thus they bore
SIR DIDDLE to the garden door;
Where ſat LORD TRIP—Where ſtood for uſe,
Salts, Hartſhorn, Peppermint, and *Eau de Luce.*

A pauſe enſu'd:—at length began
The valiant captain, PATTYPAN.

With

With kimbow'd arm, and toſſing head,
He bridled up— "Wear I this red?
"Shall Blood be nam'd and I be dumb?
"For that, and that alone, I come.
"Glory's my call, and Blood my trade;
"And thus"—then forth he drew his blade—
At once the whole aſſembly ſhrieks,
At once the roſes quit their cheeks;
Each face o'ercaſt with deadly white,
Not paint itſelf could ſtand the fright;
The roof with *Order, Order* rings,
And all cry out,—NO NAKED THINGS!
The captain ſheath'd his wrath and pride,
And ſtuck the bodkin by his ſide.

More ſoft, more gentle than a lamb,
The reverend Miſter MARJORAM
Aroſe—but firſt with finger's tip,
He pats the patch upon his lip;
Then o'er it glides his healing tongue,
And thus he ſaid—or rather ſung.

"Sure

" Sure 'tis the error of the moon!
" What, fight a mimic, a buffoon?
" In *France* he has the church's curſe,
" And *England*'s church is ten times worſe.
" Have you not read the holy writ,
" Juſt publiſh'd by a Reverend Wit?
" That every *Actor* is a *thing*,
" A *Merry Andrew, paper king*,
" A *puppet* made of rags and wood,
" The *loweſt ſon of earth*, mere mud;
" Mere public game, where'er you meet him,
" And coblers as they pleaſe may treat him?
" *Slave, coxcomb, venal*, and what not?
" Ten thouſand names that I've forgot—
" Then riſque not thus a precious life,
" In ſuch a low, *unnat'rel* ſtrife,
" And ſure, to ſtab him would be cruel.—
" I vote for — arſnick in his gruel."

He ſaid and ſmil'd—then ſunk with grace,
Lick'd the patch'd lip, and wip'd his face.

A buz of rapture fill'd the room,
Like bees about a ſhrub in bloom:
All whiſper'd round—"Was it not fine?"
" O very—Very—'Twas divine!"
But ſoon as from the chair was ſeen
A waving hand, and ſpeaking mein,
A calm came on—The Chairman bow'd—
And ſmirking ſpoke—" I'm pleas'd and proud
" To mix my ſentiments with yours:
" 'Tis prudence every point ſecures.
" Two friends with rapture I have heard;
" One favours *arſnick*, one the *ſword*—
" In both there's danger—but ſucceeding,
" Short pangs in *poys'ning*, leſs in *bleeding*;
" A ſudden death's not worth a ſhilling—
" I'd have our foe nine years a killing."
Then from his boſom forth he drew
A crow-quill pen—" behold for you
" And your revenge, this inſtrument!
" From hell it came, to me 'twas ſent:
" Within is poyſon, ſword and all;
" It's point a dagger, dipt in gall:

" Keen ling'ring pangs the foe ſhall feel,
" While clouds the hand that ſtabs conceal:
" With this, while living, I'll diſſect him;
" Create his errors, then detect 'em;
" Swell tiny faults to mon'ſtrous ſize!
" Then point 'em out to purblind eyes,
" Which, like Polonius, gaze in air
" For *ouzel*, *camel*, *whale*, or *bear*.
" His very merit I'll pervert,
" And ſwear the oar is ſand and dirt—
" I know his quick and warm ſenſations,
" And thence will work him more vexations—
" Attended with ſome noiſy cit,
" Of ſtrong belief, but puny wit;
" I'll take my ſeat, be rude and loud,
" That each remark may reach the crowd;
" At *Lear* we'll laugh, be hard as rocks,
" And ſit at *Scrub* like barbers blocks:
" When all is ſtill we'll roar like thunder;
" When all applauſe—be mute, and wonder!
" In this I boaſt uncommon merit—
" I like, have prais'd, his genius, ſpirit;

" His

" His various powers, I own, divert me---
" 'Tis his *ſucceſs* alone has hurt me---
" My patriot hand, like *Brutus* ſtrikes,
" And ſtabs and wounds where moſt it likes:
" *He*, as a *Roman*, gave the blow;
" I, as a FRIBBLE, ſtab your foe;
" He mourn'd the deed, would not prevent it,---
" I'll do the deed---and then * lament it."---
At this all tongues their hearts obey,
A burſt of rapture forc'd it's way,---
Bravo!---Braviſſimo!---Huzza!

All 'roſe at once---then hand in hand,
Each link'd to each, the heroes ſtand---
Like faries form a magic round,---
Then vow---and tremble at the ſound---
By all that's dear to human kind,
By every tye can FRIBBLES bind;
They vow---that with their lateſt breath
They'll ſtand by *Fixgig*---Life or death.

The

* Some MSS. read *repent it*.

The kiſs goes round the parting friends—
The chair is left—th' aſſembly ends.
Then each, his ſpirit to recruit,
For biſcuits call, and candy'd fruit;
And ſip, his flutter'd nerves to heal,
Warm water, ſack, and orange-peel—
Then made as warm, as warmth could make 'em
All to their ſeveral homes betake 'em
Save one, who, harraſs'd with the chair,
Remain'd at *Hampſtead* for the air—

Now, GARRICK, for the future know
Where moſt you have *deſerv'd* a foe.
Can you their rage with juſtice blame?
To you they owe their publick ſhame.
Tho' long they ſlept, they were not dead;
Their malice wakes in X, Y, Z.
And now burſts forth their treaſur'd gall,
Through *him*, COCK FRIBBLE of them all.

FINIS.